

Buck. You haue, my Lord:

Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Rich. Elfe wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.

Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you refigne

The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maiefticall,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,

Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,

The Lineall Glory of your Royall Houfe,

To the corruption of a blemisht Stock;

Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepe thoughts,

Which here we waken to our Countries good,

The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:

His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,

His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,

And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulfe

Of darke Forgetfulnesse, and deepe Oblivion.

Which to recure, we heartily folicite

Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge

And Kingly Government of this your Land:

Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,

Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine;

But as successiue, from Blood to Blood,

Your Right of Birth, your Empyre, your owne.

For this, comforted with the Citizens,

Your very Worshipfull and louing friends,

And by their vehement instigation,

In this iust Cause come, I to moue your Grace.

Rich. I cannot tell if to depart in silence,

Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,

Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.

If not to answer, you might haply thinke,

Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded

To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraignie,

Which fondly you would here impose on me.

If to reprove you for this suit of yours,

So season'd with your faithfull loue to me,

Then on the other side I check'd my friends.

Therefore to speake, and to auoid the first,

And then in speaking, not to incur the last,

Definitiuely thus I answer you.

Your loue deferues my thanks, but my desert

Vnmeritable, shunnes your high request.

First, if all Obstacles were cut away,

And that my Path were euen to the Crowne,

As the ripe Reuennue, and due of Birth:

Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,

So mightie, and so manie my defects,

That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse,

Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea;

Then in my Greatnesse couet to be hid,

And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.

But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,

And much I need to helpe you, were there need:

The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,

Which mellow'd by the stealing howres of time,

Will well become the Seat of Maieftie,

And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.

On him I lay that you would lay on me,

The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,

Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buck. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,

But the respects thereof are nice, and triuiall,

All circumstances well considered.

You say, that *Edward* is your Brothers Sonne,

So say we too, but not by *Edwards* Wife:

For first was he contract to Lady *Lucie*,

Your Mother liues a Witnesse to his Vow;

And afterward by substitute betroth'd

To *Bona*, Sister to the King of France.

These both put off, a poore Petitioner,

A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,

A Beautie, waining, and distressed Widow,

Euen in the after-noon of her best dayes,

Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,

Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,

To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie.

By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got

This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.

More bitterly could I expostulate,

Saue that for reuerence to some alieue,

I giue a sparing limit to my Tongue.

Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe

This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:

If not to blesse vs and the Land withall,

Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestrie

From the corruption of abusing times,

Vnto a Lineall true deuied course.

Mayor. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue.

Catesb. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit.

Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?

I am vnfit for State, and Maieftie:

I doe beseech you take it not amisse,

I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as in loue and zeale,

Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne,

As well we know your tendernesse of heart,

And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorse,

Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred,

And egally indeede to all Estates:

Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no,

Your Brothers Sonne shall neuer reigne our King,

But we will plant some other in the Throne,

To the disgrace and downe-fall of your Houfe:

And in this resolution here we leaue you.

Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*

Catesb. Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their suit:

If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.

Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares,

Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,

But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,

Albeit against my Conscience and my Soule.

Enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage graue men,

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,

To beare her burthen, where I will or no.

I must haue patience to endure the Load:

But if black Scandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach,

Attend the sequell of your Imposition,

Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me

From all the impure blots and staynes thereof;

For God doth know, and you may partly see,

How farre I am from the desire of this.

Mayor. God blesse your Grace, wee see it, and will

say it.

Rich. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this Royall Title,

Long lue King *Richard*, Englands worthie King.

Al. Amen.

Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.

Rich. Euen when you please, for you will haue it so.

Buck. To

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most ioyfully we take our leaue.

Rich. Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe.
Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the
Duchesse of Torke, and Marquesse Dorset.*

Duch. Torke. Who meetes vs heere?

My Neece *Plantagenet*,

Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?

Now, for my Life, shee's wandering to the Tower,

On pure hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince.

Daughter, well met.

Anne. God giue your Graces both, a happie

And a ioyfull time of day.

Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?

Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,

Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,

To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Qu. Kind Sister thanks, wee'll enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.

Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leaue,

How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of *Torke*?

Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them,

The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Qu. The King? who's that?

Lieu. I meane, the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.

Hath he set bounds betweene their loue, and me?

I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?

Duch. Torke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see

them.

Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother:

Then bring me to their sights, Ile beare thy blame,

And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.

Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leaue it so:

I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,

And Ile salute your Grace of *Yorke* as Mother,

And reuerend looker on of two faire Queenes.

Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster,

There to be crown'd *Richards* Royall Queene.

Qu. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,

That my pent heart may haue some scope to beat,

Or else I swoone with this dead-killing newes.

Anne. Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes.

Dorset. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your

Grace?

Qu. O *Dorset*, speake not to me, get thee gone,

Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles,

Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe crosse the Seas,

And liue with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.

Goe hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-houfe,

Left thou encrease the number of the dead,

And make me dye the thrall of *Margarets* Curse,

Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Stanley. Full of wise care, is this your counsaile, Madame:

Take all the swift aduantage of the howres:

You shall haue Letters from me to my Sonne,

In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:

Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwise delay.

Duch. Torke. O ill disperfing Winde of Miserie,

O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death:

A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World,

Whose vnauoided Eye is murtherous.

Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent,

Anne. And I with all vnwillingnesse will goe,

O would to God, that the inclusive Verge

Of Golden Metall, that must round my Brow,

Were red hot Steele, to seare me to the Braines,

Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,

And dye ere men can say, God saue the Queene.

Qu. Goe, goe, poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,

To feed my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

Anne. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,

Came to me, as I follow'd *Henries* Corfe,

When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,

Which issued from my other Angell Husband,

And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:

O, when I say I look'd on *Richards* Face,

This was my With: Se thou (quoth I) accurst,

For making me, so young, so old a Widow:

And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;

And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,

More miserable, by the Life of thee,

Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death.

Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,

Within so small a time, my Womans heart

Grossely grew captiue to his honey words,

And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curse,

Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:

For neuer yet one howre in his Bed

Did I enioy the golden deaw of sleepe,

But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd.

Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwicke*,

And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pirtie thy complaining.

Anne. No more, then with my soule I mourne for

yours.

Dorset. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.

Anne. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leaue

of it.

Duch. Torke. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee,

Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels rend thee,

Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts possesse thee,

I to my Graue, where peace and rest lye with mee.

Eightie odde yeeres of sorrow haue I scene,

And each howres ioy wrackt with a weeke of reene.

Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.

Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,

Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls,

Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones,

Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,

For tender Princes: vse my Babies well;

So foolish Sorrows bids your Stones farewell.

Exeunt.